MARVEL
EDGE
NOV. 1
FOR MATURE READERS
TYPHOID
NOCENTI
VAN FLEET

book one: Snow White

Once upon a time a child asked:

why do they do it?

Why did she poison
Snow White's apple?

Why did she lock up Cinderella?

Why did she take the Little Mermaid's tongue?

Why did she prick blood from Sleeping Beauty's finger?

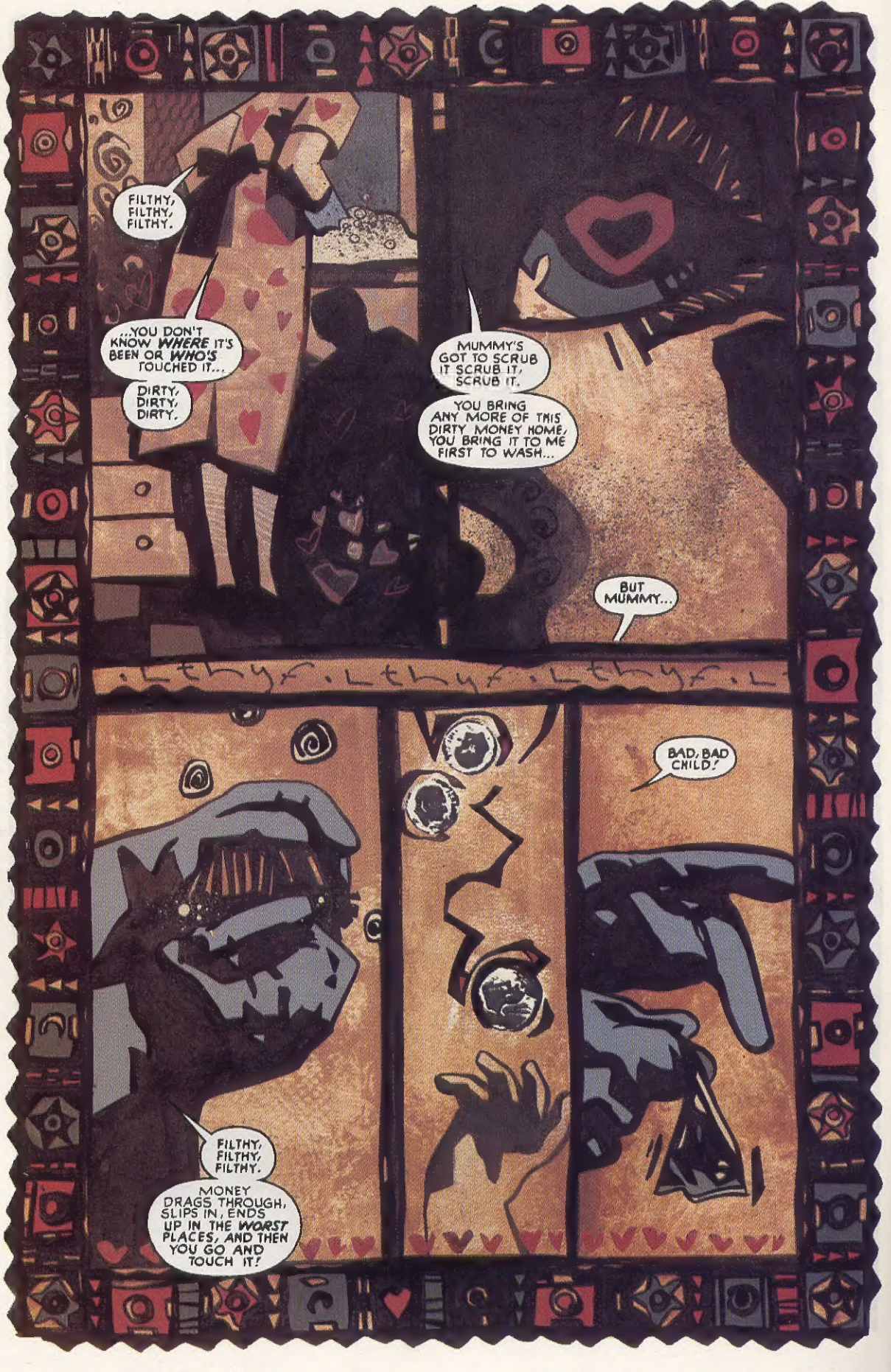
Stepmothers, ugly sisters, witches, old ladies, spinsters.

Bad, bad, bad girls.

Why do they DO it?

M
WHY DO YOU DO IT?
I DON'T KNOW.
YOU MUST HAVE A REASON.
I DO IT...
I DO IT BECAUSE...
THE GUN IS LIGHTER--
--WITHOUT BULLETS.
I KILL...
...TO LIGHTEN THE LOAD.
TYPHOID

I SHOT IT! I KNOW I DID!
WIRRR CLICK
SHOT IT SHOT IT!
IT'S PROOF! PROOF I'M INNOCENT!
4
3
2
CLICK WIRRR
PROOF, PROOF!
IT'S GOTTA BE HERE!
GOTTA BE, GOTTA BE...
a fairytale of Violence


FILTHY, FILTHY, FILTHY.
...YOU DON'T KNOW WHERE IT'S BEEN OR WHO'S TOUCHED IT...
DIRTY, DIRTY, DIRTY.
MUMMY'S GOT TO SCRUB IT, SCRUB IT, SCRUB IT.
YOU BRING ANY MORE OF THIS DIRTY MONEY HOME, YOU BRING IT TO ME FIRST TO WASH...
BUT MUMMY...
BAD, BAD CHILD!
FILTHY, FILTHY, FILTHY.
MONEY DRAGS THROUGH, SLIPS IN, ENDS UP IN THE WORST PLACES, AND THEN YOU GO AND TOUCH IT!

WILL
4U
Hello from
Hello Sweetheart, I miss you
Wish you
Where
Love

Clue No 1
Once upon a time
upon a time there was a pretty little girl who
little girl who poisoned all she touched. Some called her
called her Mary, others called her Typhoid. Every time she let out a sweet breath, someone else fell dead
fell dead. She was sweet she was toxic she was Typhoid.

HIYA, STRANGER...
YOU MUST BE ONE A' THOSE FRIENDS I HAVEN'T MET YET.
WHAT? SAY THAT AGAIN?
OH. YOU'D LIKE TO MEET THE OTHERS?
ALL RIGHT. I'LL LET ONE OUT.
SURE THAT'S WHAT YOU WANT?
WHATEVER BLOWS YOUR DRESS UP.

WHERE AM I?
O, GOD, NO, NOT AGAIN...
THAT WAS BORING LITTLE VIRGIN *MARY*.
I'M TYPHOID.
THE *THIRD* LITTLE GIRL IN OUR HEAD-- YOU CAN'T BRING *THAT* ONE HOME TO MEET MUMMY...
SHE MAKES *ME* LOOK LIKE A GIRL SCOUT.
WHAT?
WHO WANTS TO KNOW?
I AIN'T TELLING YOU WHO I AM. I DON'T TALK TO--
--MEN.

Once upon a time...
Once upon a time...
Once upon a time...
Once upon a time...
Once upon a time...
Once upon a time...
WOW! SHE'S ALL ALONE!
SHE WAS TALKING TO HERSELF!
THREE PERSONALITIES-- AND SHE CAN LET 'EM OUT AT WILL!
SHE'S SO SICK...
SO GORGEOUS...
SHE'S WICKED SEXY, SHE'S LIKE... FATAL, MAN...
Yeah, SHE'S A POISON GODDESS... SHE'S KILLER...
SHE'S SO... SO...

--SHE'S SO NON-LINEAR!
SHE'S EVE... THE FEMME FATALE OF ALL TIME... OR MEDUSA--SHE LOOKS AT YOU AND YOU'RE STONED...
SHE'S AN OXYMORON-- SHE'S THE VIRGIN, THE WHORE AND THE KILLER ALL IN ONE PACKAGE!
RIGHT? AM I RIGHT? COME ON, TRENT!
Yeah, Yeah. SHE'S A WHOLE TEN-CAR-WRECK PILE-UP OF ARCHETYPES...
ZAP HER WITH THE MUTE, QUINCE.
CLICK!
MUTING
Oh, GOD, SHE'S MARILYN, BUT DARK...
BETTE DAVIS AS A DARK ANGEL... JOAN CRAWFORD AS HYSTERIA... THE BLACK MADONNA...
LIKE, TOUCH HER AND SOMEONE DIES...
THAT WAS SALOME'S THING, THAT KING LUSTED FOR HER, SO BLOOD HAD TO BE SHED--
--SHE DEMANDED JOHN THE BAPTIST'S HEAD-- THAT'S THE TRADE-OFF FOR A VIRGIN, THERE MUST BE A SACRIFICE...
REC
Oboy, YOU'RE GETTIN' OFF ON IT NOW--

I'M NOT IN THE MOOD FOR ONE OF YOUR CATHOLIC HEMORRHAGES. YOU'RE HOPELESS, QUINCE-- GET SECULAR, MAN.
BUT SHE IS THE PERFECT STAR FOR OUR MOVIE. WHERE DID YOU GET THIS FOOTAGE?
MY FRIEND, HUNT, HE WORKED IN AN ASYLUM TILL HE WENT 'ROUND THE BEND HIMSELF. THIS CHICK WAS HIS PATIENT--
--HIS LAST CASE, IN FACT. SHE'S OUT NOW, IN A HALFWAY HOUSE.
WE'LL FIND HER, DO THE EXPERIMENT AND SHOOT THE FILM AT THE SAME TIME.
Yeah, WE'LL ANSWER THAT PRIMAL QUESTION-- WHAT MAKES A MURDERER?
Hey, DON'T SHOOT ME.
WAS SHE BORN THAT WAY? IS IT GENETIC? THE OLD KILLER GENE?
OR DID SHE WATCH GUN CRAZY TOO MANY TIMES?
OR IS IT SOME BURIED, SUPPRESSED EVENT THAT CREATED THE KILLER?

WE'LL CRACK HER MYSTERY... REVEAL HER ROSEBUD!
Yeah, FIND HER MAGUFFIN...
HER 39th STEP...
HER THIRD MAN...
SHE'S PERFECT.
CLICK
WIRRRR
WE'LL STUDY HER, BUT WE'LL KEEP A CAMERA'S LENGTH BETWEEN US, WE'LL MAKE THE ULTIMATE VERITE FILM, BUT A VOYEUR'S FILM TOO...
PERFECT PERFECT!
Hey. THE TAPE -- SOMETHING'S HAPPENING -- LOOK!
VOLUME! QUICK!
MARY...?
ARE WE HUNGRY TODAY...?

PIP
POD
PING
GRUNT
YOUR CONSTRAINTS ARE LOOSE!
HOW DID YOU--
--omigod.
HUNGRY?
YES, AND SO ARE YOU.
FOR THIS.
NO... DON'T DO THAT...
AND THIS.
AND THIS.
Mmmm... WANNA BE MY FRIEND, huh?
Ugh...
YOU LIKE IT... YOU WANT IT.
I'LL GIVE IT TO YOU.
Uhg...
OH, LOOKIT THAT, YOU MADE A BIG MESS.
BAD BOY.
TOOT-A-LOO, STRANGER.
GLAD T'HAVE MET YOU.
"Steengers Are Jus' Friends You Haven't Met Yet"

oooh...
Aah...!
I'M IN LOVE...
Yeah, AND IT HURTS...
Oh--
--god!
WE'VE GOT TO HAVE HER.
I WANT TO KNOW WHAT MAKES HER TICK.
I'LL GET THE LAB SET UP AND USE DADDY'S DEPARTMENT ACCESS TO HACK INTO CONFIDENTIAL FILES, FIND OUT WHERE THEY LAST HAD HER--
--THEN YOUR JOB, TRENT, IS TO GET HER.
YOU CAN SEDUCE ANYBODY.
I DUNNO. I SPENT HALF MY LIFE IN A HOSPITAL.
I HAVE SYMPATHY FOR HER. I DON'T WANT TO DECEIVE HER.
WE WON'T HURT HER. WE'LL HAVE GREAT RESPECT FOR HER.
BUT BE CAREFUL, HUNT SAID SHE'S GOT SOME KIND OF TELEPATHIC POWERS--
--YOU KNOW, LIKE HOW URI GELLER BENDS SPOONS. AND SHE'S A PYRO--
QUINCE, SWEETHEART...
--MANIAC.

DRACULA
ORDERING AGAIN, MUMMY?
LOOK WHAT CAME FOR YOU TODAY-- IT'S ONE OF THOSE MICE THAT RUN COMPUTERS. THEY CALL IT A MOTOR MOUSE!
WHAT'S WRONG, MUMMY? WHENEVER YOU'RE UPSET YOU START ORDERING THINGS.
Oh, WELL... YOUR FATHER'S DISAPPEARED-- DID HE TELL YOU ANYTHING...?
MUMMY, I WON'T SPY FOR YOU!
WHY DO YOU EVEN CARE? YOU HAVE THE HOUSE, YOU DON'T HAVE TO WORK...
DAD'S DISCREET, WHY DO YOU CARE ABOUT HIS WOMEN...
YOU HORRIBLE CHILD!
WAK!
YOU HIT ME!
I'LL BE NEEDING A PRIVATE LAB, MUMMY.
OF COURSE, DARLING.
THE EQUIPMENT WILL BE VERY EXPENSIVE...
YOU HAVE THE CREDIT CARDS,
AND COMPLETE PRIVACY...
OF COURSE. ANYTHING.

I'LL DO ANYTHING.
YEAH?
SUCK MY GUN.
I WANT EXTRA FOR THAT. YOU ALREADY GOT A FREEBIE.
SURE, NAME YOUR PRICE.
WAIT. WIPE THAT LIPSTICK OFF FIRST.
I DON'T WANT THAT GUNK ON ME.
TISSUES'RE OVER THERE
JUST PULL ONE OUTTA BARBIE'S HEAD.
CUTE. GOTTA GET ME ONE FOR MY LITTLE GIRL.
OKAY, WENCH. OPEN UP.

SOMEWHERE IN SUBURBIA...
Clue №2:
Lawn Party:
term used among dog catchers when there is a radio call for a bitch in heat, and dozens of male dogs are heading to her lawn for a... sniffing party.
DARN.
FACE IT, WALKER. IT'S MARY THAT'S GOT THE TALENT.
A FRIGHTENING TALENT.
BRRRING!
HELLO.
MARY?
SHE'S NOT HERE.
I SAW HER COME IN!
YOU'RE HER ROOMMATE, RIGHT? LET ME TALK TO HER.
ALL RIGHT.
WHAT THE HECK, I'LL LET HER OUT-- SHE CAN FINISH THIS PAINTING BEFORE I RUIN IT.
Rustle
click
ping
ting
nok
nok
rattle
rattle

JOHN? IT'S ME!
O' YES, I'LL COME OUT BACK MEETCHA AT THE FENCE!
Oh... I WAS.. I THINK I WAS PAINTING...
THERE'S PAINT ON MY HANDS, ANYWAY...
...I GUESS THAT'S WHAT I WAS DOING.
OF COURSE I'M KIDDING.
JOHN?
boo hoo hoo
GLADICE?
CRYING AGAIN, OVER AN OLD MOVIE...?
YES...
NO!
Oh, I LOVE BONNIE AND CLYDE! THEY'RE SO SWEET.
I'VE NEVER SEEN THE END-- I ALWAYS TURN IT OFF RIGHT BEFORE ...YOU KNOW.
JERSEY LOLA

DON'T SAY IT!
I'M CRYING BECAUSE...
IT'S MY DAUGHTER, CYNTHIA. SHE'S MISSING! I CALLED THE POLICE-- THEY DON'T EVEN CARE!
Oh, I'M SORRY...
Uh...
I GOTTA GO NOW...
MARY!
YOU WALK LIKE A SLEEPWALKER!
Oh, HELLO JOHN. YOU STARTLED ME!
I WORRY ABOUT YOU, SWEETHEART-- WHY DO YOU DISAPPEAR ON ME FOR DAYS, AND WHY IS YOUR "ROOM-MATE" WALKER SO RUDE TO ME?
SHE LIES TO ME, TELLS ME YOU'RE NOT HOME WHEN YOU ARE...
I DON'T TRUST HER. JUST LOOK AT HOW SHE DRESSES -- YOU WOULDN'T WEAR THESE BLACK LEATHER THINGS--
Hush. WHAT DID I TELL YOU WHEN WE MET?
YOU SAID... Um ..
I SAID YOU'LL KNOW ME AS LONG AS YOU DON'T ASK ME ANY QUESTIONS...

SQUAT.
CRINGE.
KNEEL.
GROVEL.
BEG.
DIE.
Uggh...
WIPE IT OFF.
THAT WAS SO...
SHUT UP. OF COURSE IT WAS. THAT AND MORE, YOU DIRT-BAG.
MAY I HAVE A TISSUE...?
RIGHT THERE-- PULL ONE OUTTA THE DOLL'S HEAD, IDIOT.
AND JACK, BABY-- SIGN YOUR CREDIT CARD SLIP!
Phuff

Clue №3
The Queen Bee can only Mate successfully while flying 83 to 85 feet in the air...
OH, DEAR. POOR LITTLE BUGS GETTING ZAPPED.
IF ENOUGH ZAPPERS ARE HUNG IN YARDS AROUND THE WORLD-- WILL WE RID THE EARTH OF INSECTS?
bzzzt
bzzzt
boo hoo hoo
OH, GLADICE. STILL CRYING?
I SHOULD TRY TO... HELP.
OH...I CAN'T HELP... BUT SHE CAN.
bzzt
GLADICE?
OH, IT'S YOU AGAIN.
OR ARE YOU THE ROOMMATE? I'M SORRY, YOU GIRLS LOOK SO ALIKE.
OH, GOD, I DON'T EVEN HAVE A LITTLE GIRL ANYMORE!
SHE'S DEAD MY DAUGHTER IS DEAD...

HERE, STOP CRYING.
WHAT HAPPENED?
I GOT A CALL FROM THIS WOMAN. SHE SAID SHE KNEW MY LITTLE GIRL AND SHE TOLD ME...
TOLD YOU WHAT?
MY LITTLE BABY MY LITTLE GIRL... SHE WAS...
SHE WAS A PROSTITUTE! I DIDN'T EVEN KNOW!
Oooooboohooo...
WHO KILLED HER?
I DON'T KNOW! WHAT DOES THAT MATTER? SHE'S GONE!
IS THIS THE NUMBER OF THE GIRL WHO CALLED YOU? THIS "FLAVIA"?
Flavia
9-1741
MAY I TAKE IT AND CALL HER?
DO ANYTHING YOU WANT.
zip
Bzzip
zop
Bzzop!

SOON..
IS THIS FLAVIA? YOU JUST CALLED GLADICE HENRY ABOUT HER DAUGHTER CYNTHIA'S DEATH?
Yeah. SHE AIN'T THE FIRST TO DIE. THE GIRLS ON THE STREET BEEN DISAPPEARING FOR WEEKS -- WE'RE ALL SCARED.
WHO? I DUNNO. SOME SICK JOHN, SOME CLIENT, A ROTTEN PIMP, WHO KNOWS?
AND THE POLICE?
WHAT? THIS MONSTER HAS GOTTEN FOUR HOOKERS, AND THE COPS DO NOTHING...
THEY LUMP PROSTITUTE DEATHS IN WITH THE MURDERS OF VAGRANTS, BUMS AND JUNKIES -- NO ONE CARES.
THEY CALL THEM NHI'S, THAT MEANS -- "NO HUMANS INVOLVED." CAN YOU BELIEVE IT?
WHO ARE YOU, ANYWAY?
MY NAME IS MARY WALKER.
I'M A PRIVATE INVESTIGATOR. I'D LIKE TO COME TO THE CITY AND FIND OUT WHAT'S GOING ON, FIND THE KILLER. WOULD YOU TALK TO ME?
WHAT'S YOUR ADDRESS?
clink
rattle
WHAT CAN YOU DO TO HELP?.
I'M GOING TO FIND THIS GUY AND KILL HIM.
Oh, Yeah? FINE WITH ME. YOU SOUND ANGRY. YOU ANGRY ENOUGH TO KILL SOMEBODY?

Oh, YES.
I'M ANGRY ENOUGH.
I'VE BEEN ANGRY ENOUGH FOR YEARS.
Crak
rattle
clink
clank
clink
Ring!

I TOLD YOU I'LL DOUBLE THE PRICE.
AND I TOLD YOU, I DON'T DO THAT!
WAP!
YOU DO NOW.
GET THAT LOOK OFF YOUR FACE
HERE.
Pssh fuff!
WIPE YOUR MOUTH.
WE'RE NOT JUST GOING TO DO IT-- YOU'RE GOING TO LIKE IT.

DOWNTOWN NEW YORK CITY.
NO, I'M IN THE STREET, OUTSIDE MY MOTEL.
I'M SO SORRY, JOHN, IT MUST LOOK LIKE I JUST RAN AWAY WITHOUT SAYING GOODBYE, BUT THIS WAS IMPORTANT.
I'LL SEND YOU A POSTCARD EVERY SINGLE DAY I'M AWAY FROM YOU, SWEETHEART.
ELSEWHERE...
EXCUSE ME?
WHAT DO YOU WANT?
NO! PUT THAT THING AWAY!
WHAT DID I DO?
NONONO NO NOT IN MY MOUTH!
BLAM!
phuff!

FLAVIA SOUNDED UPSET.
THAT MAKES TWO OF US.
I FOUND MYSELF HALF-DRESSED AS BLOODY MARY EARLIER.
AND MARY SLIPPED OUT AND MADE A PHONE CALL. TYPHOID'S FISHNETS ARE PACKED IN MY KNAPSACK.
THAT'S A LOT OF BAD SIGNS... I CAN'T LOSE CONTROL... NOT NOW.
DETECTIVE WALKER?
YEAH, WHAT'S THE RUSH?
I'M FLAVIA. COME ON. THERE'S BEEN ANOTHER MURDER.
RACHEL-- I KNEW HER.
SOON...
--SIGN FOR THE BODY...
IN THE MOUTH AGAIN...
BUT A DIFFERENT GUN...
NOT A BAD LOOKIN' GAL...
IF YOU PUT A BAG ON HER HEAD..
HEY! YOU CAN'T COME IN HERE.
I'M DETECTIVE WALKER. AND FLAVIA HERE WAS A FRIEND OF RACHEL'S.
LET 'EM THROUGH.
YOU'RE THE BOSS, DODGE.
HEY DODGE, THE VICTIM'S LITTLE BLACK TRICK BOOK SHOWS PHONE NUMBERS.
CALL IN THE LAST ONE TO HEAD-QUARTERS, ORDER A TRACE.

UPTOWN.
I APOLOGIZE FOR DISTURBING YOU--
OF COURSE, THIS MATTER WILL STAY QUIET.
I APPRECIATE THAT, OFFICER. AFTER ALL, MY NAME IN A WHORE'S TRICK BOOK IS NOT EVIDENCE OF
Please.
NO, YOU WERE NEVER A SUSPECT. WHEN WE TRACED THE PHONE NUMBER AND GOT THIS ADDRESS, WE REALIZED A MISTAKE WAS MADE...
THE MATTER WILL STAY VERY QUIET.
GOOD.
Well, I'M SORRY ABOUT THE GIRL, SORRY SHE WAS KILLED.
WAS SHE RAPED, TOO?
RAPED? WHAT DO YOU MEAN?
YOU CAN'T RAPE A PROSTITUTE
OF COURSE NOT, HOW SILLY OF ME. hahaha
GOODNIGHT, OFFICERS.
humph.

YOU CAN'T RAPE A PROSTITUTE?
WHAT?
WHO ARE YOU?
HOW DID YOU FIND ME?
COPS HAVE A STENCH THAT'S EASY TO FOLLOW.
YOU DON'T THINK A PROSTITUTE CAN BE RAPED?
IT'S JUST A PHRASE, IT MEANS NOTHING!
I SEE. NOTHING.
YOU KILLED ONE OF MY SISTERS, YOU WORM.
I DIDN'T!
I KNEW HER, I WENT TO HER ONCE IN A WHILE, IT'S TRUE-- BUT WHEN I LEFT HER SHE WAS ALIVE!
DOES IT SURPRISE YOU THAT I DON'T BELIEVE YOU?
TELL ME-- DO YOU THINK YOU HAVE AN HONEST FACE?
CKRAK!
HOW ABOUT NOW?
YOUR FACE IS A BIT MORE REFLECTIVE OF YOUR CHARACTER LOOKING LIKE THIS, I THINK.

WHAT'S WRONG--SPEECH-LESS?
I HAVE THAT EFFECT ON MEN.
ALTHOUGH IN YOUR CASE--
--IT MIGHT HAVE SOMETHING TO DO WITH YOUR LACK OF TEETH AND THE FUNNY WAY YOUR JAW'S HANGING.

"Hello, John darling, I miss you so much.

"...this is such a wonderful city. Today I saw the cutest thing--"

"--a tissue dispenser shaped like a girl's head...

I bought it for you. You pull tissues right out of her head.

I know, sexist, right?

But so Cute!

Love, M-

ELSEWHERE...

CAMERAS, MEDICAL EQUIPMENT, COMPUTER TRANSFER SCREENS, ELECTRODE PRINTOUT CAPACITY, FEEDBACK CAM OUTFIT--

--I'M READY FOR MY STAR.

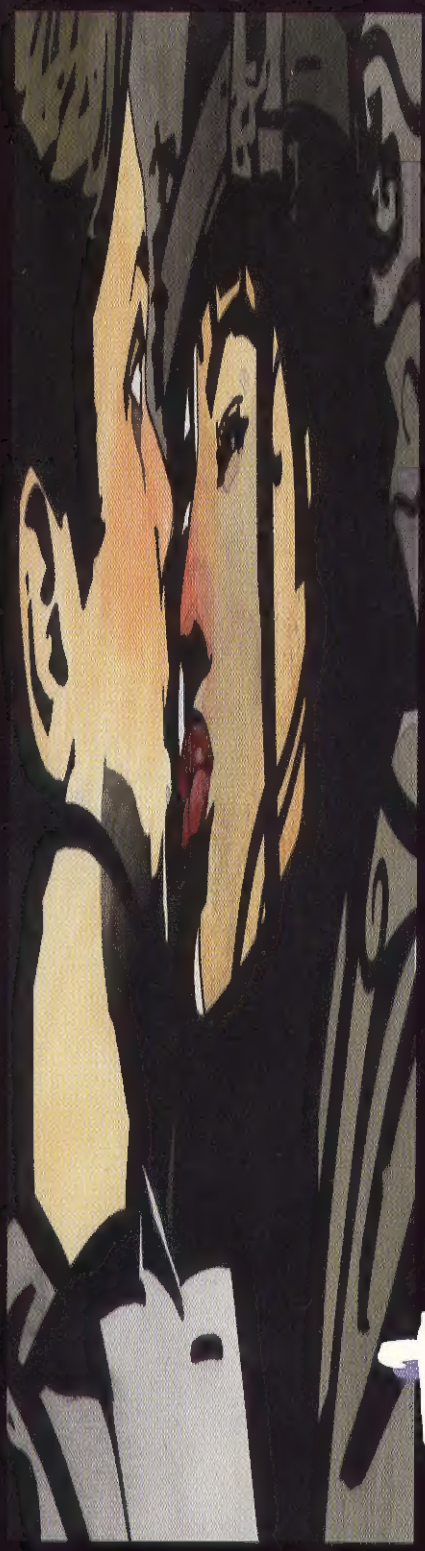
M

THIS MOVIE'S GOING TO BE FUN AS ALL--

QUINCE, SWEETHEART?

--HECK.
MUMMY! I TOLD YOU TO STAY OUT OF HERE!
THAT WAS OUR AGREEMENT--
--TOTAL PRIVACY!
I CAN'T HAVE YOU INTERRUPTING, BOTHERING, MEDDLING--
--ESPECIALLY WHEN MARY GETS HERE--
AND WHO IS THIS MARY?
A GIRL-FRIEND?
LIGHTEN YOUR LOAD, MUMMY.
THIS IS A MOVIE SET. SHE'S AN ACTRESS--
--MARY WALKER. SHE'S OUR LEADING LADY.
THIS IS HER CHAIR--
--MARY AND I, WE'RE GOING TO PLAY THE TRUTH GAME.
NEXT BOOK·TWO: Cinderella

TYPHOID™ Vol. 1, No. 1, November, 1995. Published by MARVEL COMICS. Gerard Calabrese, President. Stan Lee, Publisher. OFFICE OF PUBLICATION: 387 PARK AVENUE SOUTH, NEW YORK, NY 10016. Copyright © 1995 Marvel Entertainment Group, Inc. All rights reserved. Price $3.95 per copy in the U.S. and $5.55 in Canada. GST #R127032852. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons, and/or institutions in this magazine with those of any living or dead person or institution is intended, and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental. TYPHOID (including all prominent characters featured in this issue and the distinctive likenesses thereof) is a trademark of MARVEL ENTERTAINMENT GROUP, INC. Printed in Canada.



SQUAT

CRINGE

KNEEL

GROVEL

BEG

BEG

DIE

NOW THANK ME

TYPHOID™

DIRECT EDITION

00111 >

7 59606 04274 6

$3.95 US/$5.55 CAN

FREE
FOREVER!
If you have the scan, give away the comic. Make comic books free forever.
(But still buy new ones, ok?)
P is for Preacher